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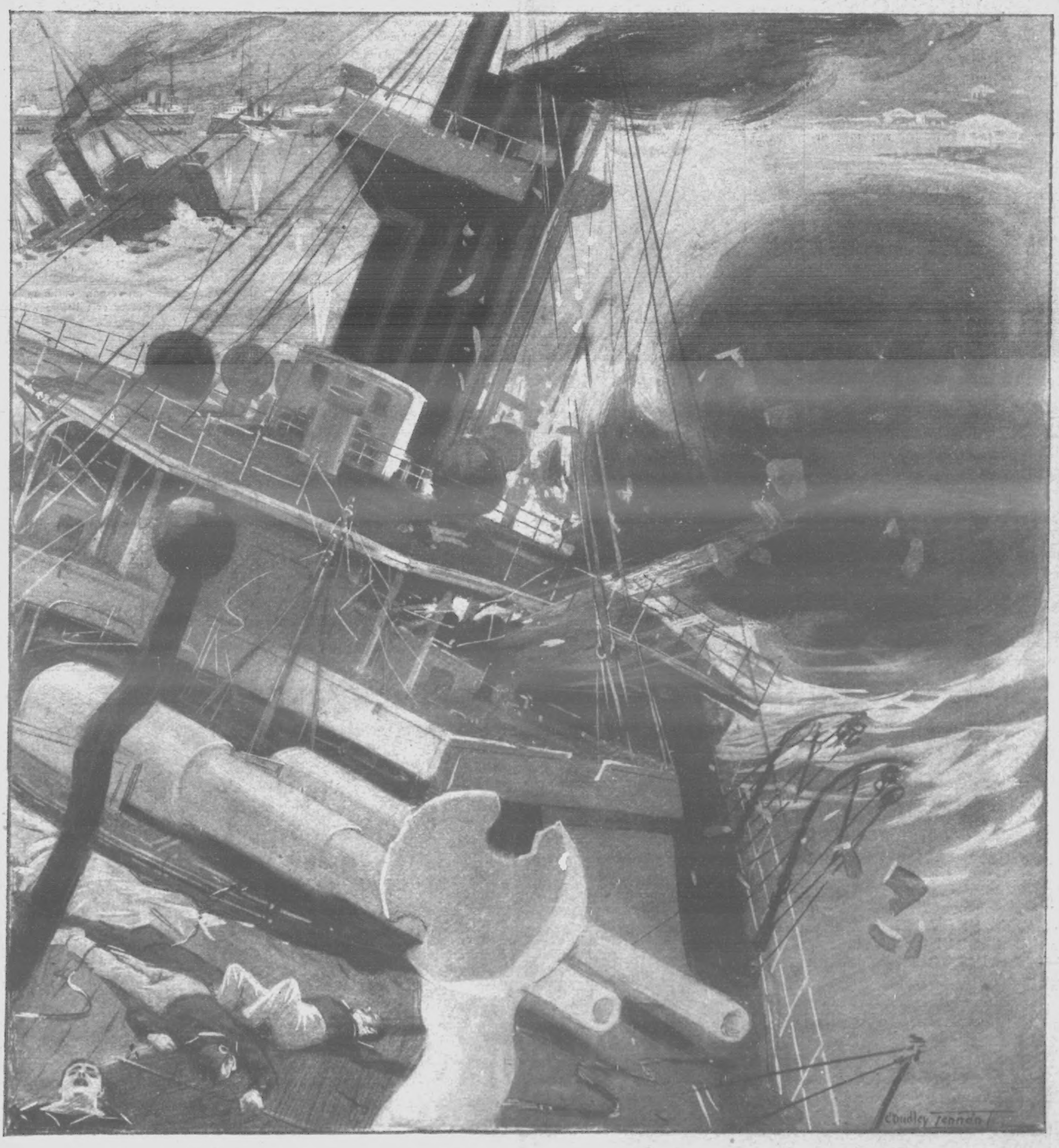
FULL OF WAR PICTURES. £10 FOR A POSTCARD (SEE PAGE 119)



THE BATTLE OF CHEMULPHO: THE SINKING OF THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "VARIAG."

(See "The Story of the War" Inside.)

LEACH'S FAMILY DRESSMAKER
MARCH.] With 4-page Song Supplement, [2D.
"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"
GIVEN AWAY! Two Patterns—
SMART BLOUSE AND PRETTY NIGHTDRESS,
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spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a remedy with 300 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN 210, Lambeth Rd., London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.
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Bottles 1/- 1/6 2/9 of all Chemists
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF
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As many worthless imitations are being substituted, ask for SMEDLEY'S PASTE and have no other.
Smedley's Paste should be applied together with an occasional dose of
LASCELLES PILLS
Bottles, 1/1½ and 2 2 of all Chemists. Sole Proprietors, HIRST, BROOKE & HIRST, LTD., LEEDS.

HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS
The late Lord Justice Cairns, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a ladynurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders "Hinde's Wavers" Nos 5, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queendoms, or Sample box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
50 Years' Reputation.
FOR
COUGHS & COLDS,
INFLUENZA,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
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LOSS OF VOICE.
Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

Recorded from Week to Week.

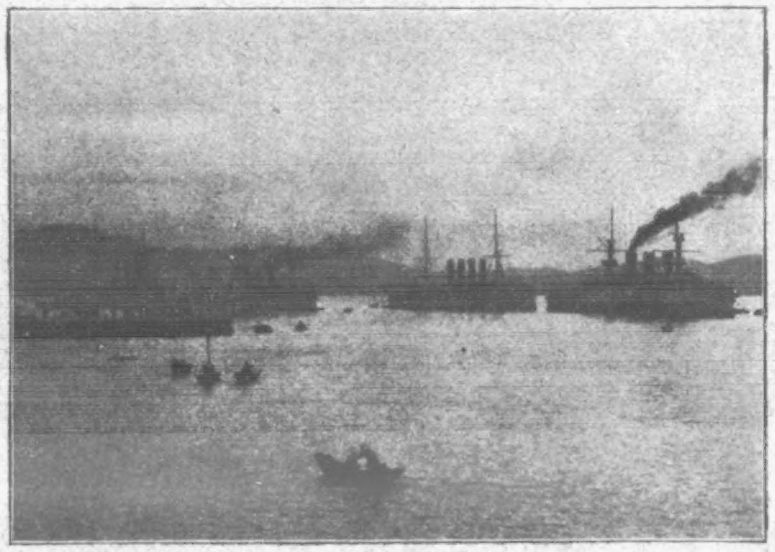
JAPAN'S BRILLIANT SERIES OF SUCCESSES.

WE are right in the midst of it now—this war. This war of aggression on the part of Russia, and of defence of her very existence on the part of gallant little Japan. Round one is over, with the result that Japan has gained "first blood," and "second blood" too for that matter, and, indeed, got altogether the better of the preliminary encounters. Now both combatants seem to have retired to their corners to get a "blow." Just where they are (to drop our pugilistic metaphor) is not quite certain. Only it is reasonable to predict that very shortly the scene of the principal battles will be removed from the sea to the land, and a long campaign in Manchuria or Korea, or both, may begin any day. But speculation regarding the most uncertain future is not over-profitable, and it is better to tell here the story of the past week's war, the principal scenes of which are vividly depicted in this Number by our Special Artists.

The Attack on Port Arthur.

The first news of actual warfare related to the attack on Russian ships by the Japanese fleet at Port Arthur. Some particulars of this we were able to print in our last Number, but the Japanese Admiral's official report will be read with interest. Thus says Admiral Togo: "After the combined fleet left Sasebo on the 6th, everything went off as planned. At midnight on the 8th the advance squadron attacked the enemy's advance squadron, the latter being mostly outside the bay. The *Poltava*, *Askold*, and two others were apparently struck by torpedoes. At noon on Feb. 9 the fleet advanced to the offing of Port Arthur Bay and attacked the enemy for forty minutes, I believe doing considerable damage. I believe the enemy were greatly demoralised. They stopped fighting at one o'clock, and appeared to retreat to the harbour. The Japanese fleet suffered but very slight damage, and its fighting strength has not been decreased. Our casualties were four killed and fifty-four wounded. The Imperial Princes on board suffered no harm. The conduct of the officers was cool, and not unlike their conduct at manœuvres. This morning, owing to the heavy south wind, detailed reports from the vessels have not been received, so I merely report the above facts."

Was so modest an account of an undoubted and unqualified victory ever before written?



THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE FORTIFIED HARBOUR OF PORT ARTHUR.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE THE ATTACK BY THE JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOATS.

GENERAL TZERPITSKY,

WHO HAS COMMANDED THE TROOPS IN MANCHURIA SINCE THE BOXER RISING.

Sunk in Three Minutes.

A correspondent of the *Times* at Wei-hai-Wei supplies an account of this torpedo attack, and of the action of the next day, obtained from the s.s. *Fu-ping*, which left the port under British colours on Tuesday. It is stated that when the first attack was made the garrisons of the Port Arthur forts were absent from their posts, and retaliation was impossible. In the bombardment of Tuesday, according to this authority, one Russian battle-ship was sunk in three minutes, while another was disabled and beached. The *Fu-ping* was fired on by the Russian guard-ship when leaving, though she had a permit, and was only allowed to proceed after the captain had signed a promise not to divulge what had occurred. Five Chinese were wounded by the Russian fire.

Although the first war news was of this fight, there is good ground for believing that the first act of war was committed by Russia, one

HARBIN, WHERE ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF IS NOW BELIEVED TO BE.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE QUARTERS OCCUPIED BY THE RUSSIAN RAILWAY STAFF.

THE "SKETCH" SUPPLEMENT: TYPES OF JAPANESE BEAUTY.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

SOME ITEMS OF WAR NEWS ILLUSTRATED.

of whose gun-boats fired upon Japanese torpedo-boats convoying transports off Chemulpho.

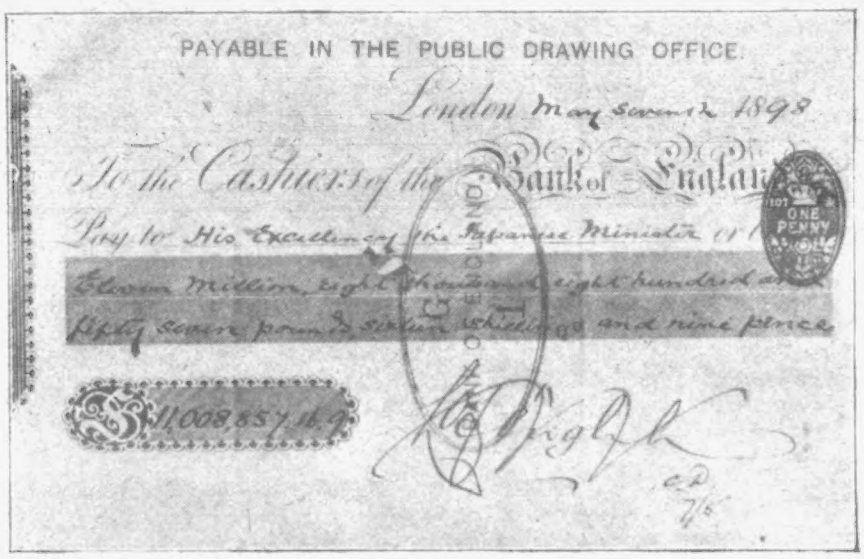
Sea-Fight off Chemulpho.

While the Port Arthur attack was still causing Japanese sympathisers to exult, there came news of an equally happy description in the following official dispatch from Tokyo—

"On Feb. 8 the Japanese squadron, escorting transports, met on its way to Chemulpho the Russian gun-boat *Korietz* as she was coming out of port. The *Korietz* took up an offensive attitude towards the Japanese vessels, and fired upon the Japanese torpedo-boats. The latter discharged two torpedoes, but without effect. Then the *Korietz* returned to her anchorage at the port. Early on the next morning (Feb. 9) Admiral Uriu, commanding the Japanese squadron, formally called upon the Russian men-of-war to leave Chemulpho before noon on the same day. The Admiral added that if his demand were not complied with he would be compelled to attack them in the harbour. The two Russian men-of-war left the port at about 11.30 a.m., and a battle then ensued outside the Polynesian Islands. After about an hour's engagement the Russian men-of-war took refuge among the islands. Towards the evening the Russian cruiser *Variag* sunk, and about 4 a.m. on the morning of Feb. 10 the *Koreitz* was reported to have also sunk, having blown up. The officers and men of the two sunken vessels took refuge in the French cruiser *Pascal*. No casualties on the Japanese side."

Russian Transport Blown Up.

The crowning point to a week of disaster to Russia came with the following telegram from Admiral Alexeieff: "The torpedo transport vessel *Yenisei* has been sunk by an explosion while lying in the submarine mine zone. Captain Stepanoff, the commander, an engineer, two midshipmen, and ninety-two men perished." According to the *Novoye Vremya*, the torpedo transport *Yenisei* was occupied in laying mines at the entrance of Talien-wan Bay, in order to close it against an attack by the sea. It was observed that a mine had risen to the surface, and the ship approached in order to blow it up. In doing so she ran on another mine, which exploded under her bows. Admiral Alexeieff, on Feb. 13, transmitted the following additional report to the Czar: "I have to report to your Majesty that on Jan. 29 O.S. transport of mines *Yenisei*, which was lying on the line of the mined bar, was sunk by an explosion. The *Yenisei*, having observed that one of the mines was floating on the surface, approached for the purpose of consuming it, but was carried on to a neighbouring mine, which exploded under her bows. There was no time to launch boats. The commander, the engineer, two midshipmen, and 92 sailors perished."



JAPAN'S LAST WAR: FACSIMILE OF CHEQUE PAID BY CHINA TO JAPAN AS WAR INDEMNITY, IN 1898.

When will the Japanese Occupy Port Arthur?

The following may help intending competitors to win our prize of £10, announced on page 119:—Major-General Pflug, Chief of the Staff of Admiral Alexeieff, telegraphed on Monday to St. Petersburg from Port Arthur: "The situation at Port Arthur yesterday was unchanged. Reports from Ying-kao state that the Japanese are preparing to land at Chin-wang-tao. A message has been received from the frontier guard stating that a mounted patrol, believed by its appearance to be Japanese, was seen yesterday not far from the station of I-sha-he-pu, on the Sin-min-ting post-road. Similar reports have also been received from the station of Su-ja-tun." Chin-wang-tao is a port on the Gulf of Liao-tong, and the most southerly point of the Manchurian border. It is the place whence reports have come that on Wednesday last the Japanese fleet was sighted. Chin-wang-tao is distant from Newchwang, on the opposite side of the Gulf, 150 miles. Sin-min-ling is the terminus of the Chinese railway, and is less than forty miles west of Mukden. It was stated recently that the Russians were busy laying a line joining up Mukden on the Manchurian railway with Sin-min-ling, and thus connecting the Russian railway with the railway that runs direct to Tientsin and Peking. It is believed that one of the first steps of the Japanese will be to seize the railway between Chin-wang-tao and Sin-min-ling. It is stated that information has been received at Washington that the Japanese plan of campaign provides for the occupation of all strategic points in Korea while the Russians are bottled up in Port Arthur. A determined effort will then be made to capture Port Arthur, this enterprise constituting the second move in the war on the part of Japan. It is also believed that Japan intends to land a large force near Newchwang for the purpose of cutting the railway between that place and Port Arthur. It is reported in a telegram from Shanghai that 300,000 Japanese troops are now ready to take the field.

WAR ITEMS.

Several of the Japanese Imperial Princes are serving in the army as well as in the navy.

A Russian lady, the daughter of a Colonel, has sent a request to the Czar that she should be received as a soldier in the army.

Special prayers for success against the "Asiatic enemy" are recited daily in the Russian gymnasia, technical colleges, and Universities.

Die Zeit (Vienna) states that the Kaiser has sent to the Czar the historic tin skull-cap of the old Prussian Guards as an expression of sympathy.

Gunners on the Japanese war-ships who took part in the naval engagement off Chemulpho (says the *Times* Tokyo Correspondent) fought in their overcoats.

Russian theatre-managers have been privately instructed by the police to replace all foreign adaptations running on their boards by "patriotic dramas" to keep alive public enthusiasm.—*Standard's* Moscow Correspondent.

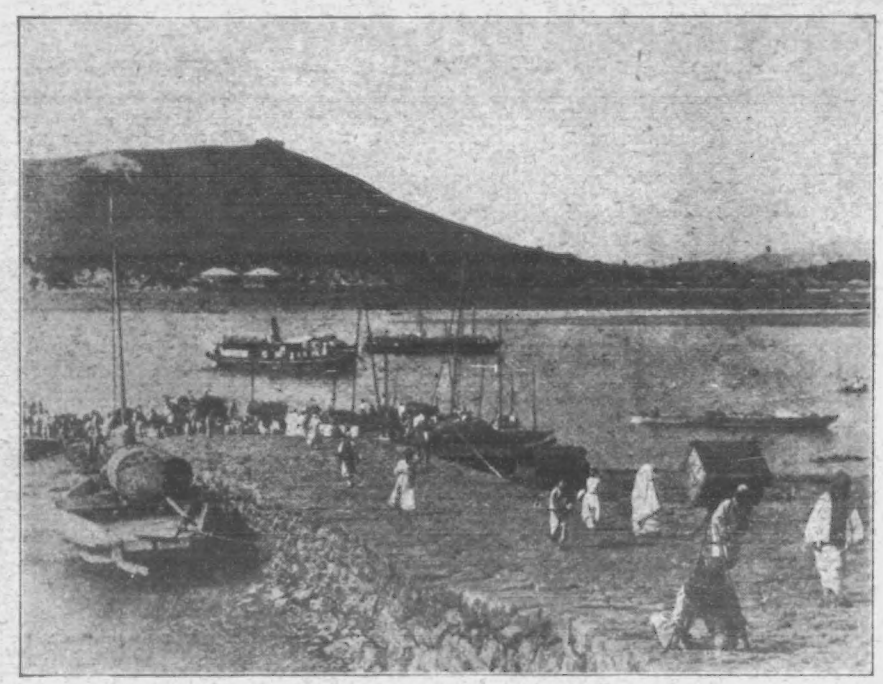
An American engineer, who recently travelled over the Trans-Siberian Railway, says there are evidences of gross neglect everywhere visible along the line, and the railway will break down by the summer under the present pressure.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

The Duke of Norfolk's Wedding.—The marriage of the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal and Premier Duke of England, to the Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, elder daughter of Lord Herries, was solemnised on Monday in the Roman Catholic Church at Everingham, Yorks. Half the seats in the small church were filled by the tenantry of the bride's father, in accordance with an old family tradition. The rest of the available space was occupied by personal friends of the bride and bridegroom. To commemorate his wedding, the Duke of Norfolk has presented to the city of Sheffield a public park and recreation-ground forty-eight acres in extent. His Grace has also subscribed £1000 to the Sheffield Distress Fund.

AFTER THE GREAT FIRE AT MESSRS. KEEVIL'S PREMISES IN STOCKWELL ROAD.

Army and Navy Items.—Major-General Sir E. L. Elliot, K.C.B., D.S.O., Indian Army, has been gazetted to command a first-class district in India, vice Major-General B. A. Combe, who has vacated that appointment.—The 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, now in Egypt, will not be brought home, as previously arranged, but will proceed to India. The 2nd Battalion, now at Jersey, is to go to Edinburgh, being relieved by the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers from Aldershot.—South-Eastern District orders, issued from Dover, state that no further applications to bring troops home from stations abroad can be entertained this trooping season.—The 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment and 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment are to embark for Malta on April 7 and April 12 respectively.—The 7th, 8th, 9th, 54th, and 55th Royal Garrison Artillery, now at Aldershot, are ordered to be in readiness for moving to Gibraltar.—First-class ordnance officers will in future hold the rank of Colonel; second class, Lieutenant-Colonel; third class, Major; and fourth class, Captain.—The convalescent home at Osborne, presented to the nation by the King for officers of the Navy and Army, is to be opened on April 6. The accommodation, which is for thirty-eight single and five married officers, will be equally divided between the services. Married officers may be accompanied by their wives, but not their children.—Vice-Admiral Henry Rose has been placed on the Retired List of his rank. Consequent upon his retirement Rear-Admiral Bickford, C.M.G., is promoted to be Vice-Admiral, and Captain Walter H. B. Graham Rear-Admiral.—The battle-ship *Repulse*, which recently returned from the Mediterranean, was paid out of commission at Chatham last Friday after nearly ten years' continuous service. Her refit will cost £35,000 before she is attached to the home fleet.—Captain A. W. Chisholm Battern, M.V.O., has been appointed a naval aide-de-camp to the King.—All officers and warrant-officers on the retired list of the British Navy, and who are eligible for sea service, have been communicated with by the Admiralty. Test mobilisations are to be carried out at all Naval and Marine barracks. Several ships are to be commissioned to strengthen the British fleets in the Far East.



A VIEW OF CHEMULPHO, WHERE THE JAPANESE CAPTURED TWO RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS, AND HAVE SINCE LANDED TROOPS.

News of the Somali Force.—The Secretary of State for War has received a wire from the officer commanding the lines of communication in Somaliland, stating that the wounded British officers and men with the expedition are doing well and that the health of the remainder is good.

Big Brixton Fire.—A fire broke out early on Feb. 11 at the granary of Messrs. Keevil, in Stockwell Road, Brixton. Exciting scenes were witnessed in the early stages of the fire in the rescue of half-a-dozen valuable horses from the stables. Flames soon shot through the roof, and seemed likely to involve the entire block of premises at the corner of Brixton and Stockwell Roads. This was fortunately prevented; but Messrs. Keevil's premises were entirely destroyed, and great damage by water was caused to adjoining premises.

Dynamite on an Atlantic Liner.—On the arrival of the *Majestic* at Liverpool from New York the Customs officers found among the luggage a trunk containing 18 lb. of dynamite. The owner, an Austrian named Ivan Sjubanovic, was at once taken ashore in custody and charged at the police-court with having in his possession an explosive substance under suspicious circumstances. The magistrate remanded him for inquiries. The Austrian's fellow-passengers were in total ignorance of the peril they had been in during the voyage. A slight knock or even a jolt might have caused the dynamite to explode with fearful consequences. Sjubanovic says that he was returning to his home in Bohemia, where his father is a farmer. He denies any connection with a secret society, and states that he intended to use the dynamite to blow up rocks in order to improve the land owned by his father.

A Liverpool Church Burned Down.—The Church of St. Nathaniel, at Windsor, Liverpool, was destroyed by fire last Sunday morning. Originating in the pipes of the heating apparatus, the fire spread with such rapidity that the edifice was soon a mass of flames. In less than a couple of hours only the clock-tower, which is 80 ft. in height, was standing. The Communion plate and the church registers were fortunately saved.

Mining Fatality at Hanley.—Two lives were lost through an accident in the Deep Pit, Hanley, last Friday night. A party of men were at work in the Cocks-head seam, when there was a sudden explosion of fire-damp, which blew off the face of the coal at which they were working. The noxious fumes suffocated two of the miners, while a third had a narrow escape. The victims were Richard Key, aged twenty-four, and Thomas Parton, thirty-nine. As soon as the accident was discovered, relief-parties were formed, but it was not until several hours afterwards that the bodies were recovered.

Boat Disaster in Falmouth Harbour.—Five men were drowned in Falmouth Harbour last week as a result of their boat capsizing before a heavy squall. They

THE JAPANESE TORPEDO ATTACK ON RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS AT PORT ARTHUR.

This Attack, Taking Place at Midnight, was Highly Successful, Three Russian Vessels being Badly Damaged.

were the captain of the Cardiff steamer *Melrose Abbey*, the chief engineer, two seamen, and a fireman. While returning from shore with provisions their small boat was swept past the ship and out of sight. Ropes and lifebelts were thrown from the *Melrose Abbey* and her life-boat launched; but no trace of the small boat and its five occupants could be seen. On the following day the boat was discovered by a coastguard on the rocks near St. Mawes Castle. Close by were the oars and provisions, but the bodies have not yet been found.

Author's Action for Slander.—A somewhat amusing case came before Mr. Justice Bruce, when Mr. Shafto Justin Adair Fitzgerald, an author, and his wife sued Mr. and Mrs. J. H. H. Evans for alleged libel and slander. The two parties lived in adjoining flats in Brunswick Square, and a quarrel arose respecting the use of a staircase, which Mrs. Evans appears to have claimed as private to her flat, but which the plaintiff stated must have been intended for the use of all the tenants, seeing that it was "the only mode of access to the dustbin and the coal-cellar." The alleged slander was an imputation made by Mrs. Evans against Mrs. Fitzgerald, while the alleged libels were contained in two letters sent by Mr. Evans accusing Mr. Fitzgerald of foul language and vile conduct. After the plaintiffs and the defendants had each given their versions of what had happened, the jury found for Mrs. Fitzgerald on the slander, awarding one farthing damages, and for the defendants on the other claim. The jury added that the action ought never to have been brought into court at all.

Marquise's Divorce Suit.—In the Probate and Divorce Division, before Sir Francis Jeune, a petition was presented by Yvonne Louise Marie Huguetta, Marquise de Lisle, praying for the dissolution of her marriage on

OUR NEW SERIAL.

A Splendid NEW SERIAL STORY,

ENTITLED—

"IF LOVE WERE ALL,"

Will Begin in our Next Issue.

It is by **Mrs. ANNIE O. TIBBITS**, one of the most successful serialists of the day.

You are sure to like this New Story; so are your friends, if you will kindly oblige the Editor by telling them about it.

the ground of the cruelty of her husband, Gerald Lisle Phillipps, Marquis de Lisle. Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Mr. Priestley, K.C., and Mr. Le Riche appeared for the petitioner; Mr. Shee, K.C., Mr. Cagney, and Mr. Barnard for the respondent. In opening the case counsel said the Marquise belonged to one of the oldest families in France, while her husband was a member of an old Roman Catholic family settled in Leicestershire. The marriage took place in Paris in July 1902. Before a month had elapsed events occurred that led to the suit for divorce. Counsel then went into details of a medical nature, and applied to the president that the case should be taken *in camera*. Sir Francis Jeune decided that the Marquise's evidence should be taken *in camera*, and the court was cleared for this purpose. On the resumption of the hearing in public Prince and Princess Cassano, distant relatives of the petitioner, went into the witness-box. Their evidence bore chiefly on the health of the Marquise. The respondent was next called. He stated that he was quite well when he married the Marquise, and he was never unfaithful to her. His wife had at first refused to marry him without a title, so it was arranged that he should get one. He denied that he was ever guilty of cruelty or neglect towards his wife. The further hearing of the case was adjourned.

Blind Man Sentenced to Death.—At the Hampshire Assizes a blind pauper, named Timothy Lynch, was tried for the murder of Robert Marriner, aged eighty-four, a fellow-inmate of Winchester Workhouse. The two men went out together on Dec. 14, and on their return to the workhouse had some angry words. As Marriner lay in bed Lynch hit him about the head with his boots. After his fierce attack Lynch took a cup of tea to his victim. Marriner died from a fractured skull on the following day. At the inquest a verdict of manslaughter was returned, but at the trial the capital charge was preferred by direction

ALLEGED LIBEL IN A FLAT: SKETCHES OF THE CASE OF FITZGERALD v. EVANS AT THE LAW COURTS.

of Mr. Justice Darling. The jury found Lynch guilty, adding a strong recommendation to mercy on account of his blindness and the provocation he had received. When the judge passed sentence Lynch whispered "Amen," and seemed to be labouring under intense emotion.

Jury Subscribe for a Prisoner.—Frank Grace, a Corporal in the Royal Horse Artillery, was charged at the Old Bailey with having fraudulently converted to his own use the sum of £52 belonging to a benefit society of which he was the treasurer. Prisoner stated that he had been ten years in the Army, and purchased his discharge. He held the rank of sergeant at the time. Becoming the licensee of a public-house at St. John's Wood, he lost about £900 in eighteen months. He disappeared from the house, but was subsequently traced to Preston Barracks, where he had re-enlisted. In defence, the prisoner, who served in the South African War, said he had no intention to defraud. When he left the public-house he honestly believed that he had left behind sufficient goods and chattels to meet not only the claim of the benefit society, but also that of the brewers, who had advanced a loan on the house. The jury acquitted Grace, and made a "whip round" among themselves to assist him in his difficulties.

THE SENSATIONAL DIVORCE CASE, DE LISLE v. DE LISLE: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose 2 st. in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 1 lb. or 2 lb. daily, as the weighing machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other complaints, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending three penny stamps a book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had (post free) from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

A HINT TO STOUT LADIES

Reprinted from "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

Ladies are constantly complaining that they cannot retain their youthfulness of figure without either taking vigorous exercise in the gymnasium, wearing strongly boned and tightly laced corsets, or going in for a course of semi-starvation, to all of which they feel there are the strongest objections. And it is well that these objections are heeded, for all such drastic and exhausting methods of overcoming obesity, or of checking its approach, are weakening and debilitating in the extreme, and if persevered in, may leave lasting evil effects upon the system. Very different indeed is the simple and healthful method of *permanently* reducing a too rotund figure to beautiful proportions known as the "Russell" treatment. By means of this wonderful system the first day's reduction amounts to from ½ lb. to 2 lb., and this decrease continues daily in the same ratio until normal size and weight are attained. The fullest particulars of the system are set forth by the originator, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, in his admirable book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," which he will be pleased to send to any applicant who sends him her address and three penny stamps. For the benefit of our stout friends we append Mr. Russell's address: Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

A MISTAKE, AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.

TO THE STOUT OF BOTH SEXES.

Reprinted from "Myra's Journal."

Many men and women, alarmed at the inexplicable encroachments of corpulency, are desirous of taking a stone or two off their weight. They have got heavy in their movements; they find they have more difficulty in breathing freely; they are reluctantly compelled to give up athletic exercises, and outdoor pastimes become more irksome than pleasurable. The women, especially, suffer the mortification of being no longer so attractive, and their favourite recreations—dancing, lawn tennis, etc.—can no longer be indulged in to any enjoyable extent. The mistake is that they let the mischief go too far, the fat accumulating, the figure spoiling, and the general health deteriorating. Happily for these imprudent ones, these things are easily to be remedied by the famous "Russell" treatment. The remedy is pleasant, harmless, and sure. It is truly scientific and very simple; and a reduction of from ½ lb. to 2 lb. per day is guaranteed. When normal proportions are reached the treatment may be discontinued. The "Russell" treatment is very fully described, and the recipe given in "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by Mr. F. Cecil Russell; and any of our stout readers may obtain a copy of this wonderfully interesting book by sending three penny stamps to the author, at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "THE ARM OF THE LAW," AT THE GARRICK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

RESULT OF OUR THIRD STORY COMPETITON.

The task of selecting the most appropriate inscriptions for the pictures illustrating our Serial Story attracted many thousands of competitors. After a careful examination of all the sheets sent in, we have made the following awards—

FIRST PRIZE, £30 CASH,

Divided between

Mr. Charles Olden, Sherfield English, Romsey, Hants; and

Mr. Tom Gosling, 37, Hardcastle Street, Stockport.

SECOND PRIZE, £10 CASH,

Divided between

Miss M. Radley, 168, High Street, Stratford; and

Miss E. Rice, 27, Lichfield Road, Stafford.

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH

Awarded to

Mrs. Henrietta Bickerstaff, 24, Alders Street, Liverpool.

Mr. A. Swaine, Eisteroft, London Road, Nottingham.

Mr. J. W. Smith, Manor Farm, Bicester, Oxon.

Mr. Morris Truckle, Cold Harbour, Amesbury, Wilts.

Mrs. Williams, 83, Croyden Road, Barking Road, Plaistow, Essex.

Mrs. S. A. Lishman, 11, Lowskellgate, Ripon.

Miss Maud Cash, 33, Burrell Road, Ipswich.

Miss Annie E. Raby, West Hallam, Derby.

Mr. John Hooper, School Road, Castle St. Mere, Wilts.

Mr. G. H. Morris, Laurel House, Pontblyddyn, Mold.

The following is a list of the correct inscriptions—

1. She awoke with a start.
2. It was so still she could hear the bell.
3. Got in front of the trolley, brushed close to one of the ladies, apologised, and disappeared.
4. Verlan seized the nearest.
5. "Is this a challenge?".
6. He tore it open hastily, and read.
7. "You got my telegram, then?" said she.
8. Verlan took the pen, and with its dry point went over the forged signature.
9. "When shall I see you again?" said she.
10. The surgeon looked grave.
11. The two looked at each other inquiringly.
12. She, however, drew back.
13. She disengaged herself with a sudden jerk, and, once free, turned and faced him.
14. He turned from the pale, shrinking woman.
15. "Why do you say that?" he urged.
16. "I owe you an explanation," she said suddenly.
17. "Do not come near me," she cried wildly.
18. "Closing time," suddenly said a gruff voice near them.
19. The next moment Eric Gordon was alone.
20. "Jenny, sweetheart," said Verlan with a dark smile, "a little more work for you to-night."
21. Peered through it at the writing.
22. The manageress stared.
23. "You're Jane Bassett," said he.
24. There was a sudden splash, and his companion disappeared in the inky water.
25. "Mrs. Clifford is quite ready," said she.
26. "But, Alicia——"
27. "I arrest you, Frederick Verlan."
28. Suddenly his hands were uplifted.
29. "I beg your pardon," he said, doffing his cap.
30. "That's no business of ours, Mr. Tremble," said Trevor coldly.
31. Barbara stood facing him.
32. The lawyer knitted his brows.
33. "I haven't a friend on earth," he grumbled tremulously.
34. He touched a bell, and a policeman entered the room.
35. A boy came to the gate, and handed Barbara a sealed envelope.
36. The grocer was amazed.
37. She took a seat in the window, half hidden by the curtains.
38. "The majority of Earls have no money to waste nowadays."
39. "Good gracious, Miss Graham!" exclaimed the elder Miss Brett.
40. "This is Mr. Spencer, Miss Graham."
41. She stole on tiptoe to Lady Gladys' room, and once more looked at the sleeping child.
42. She tried them on, one after the other.
43. "Oh, Papa!" ejaculated Barbara.
44. "Miss Graham!"
45. "Good-night," said Barbara.
46. "Now, who do you think the new Squire is?"
47. "I've been on the farm, Sir, fifty year."
48. "You mightn't be far wrong," he answered.

It dyes the hair a washable Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.

Of all Hairdressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case, post free, 2/2.—HINDES Ltd., Finsbury, London, E.C.

ANNUAL SALE, 362,000 BOTTLES.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

SATURDAY last was a very busy day in football circles, as, despite the Cup Tie interval, there were the usual League games and the Rugby International between England and Ireland, as well as the Association 'Varsity match.

Dealing first with the League games, it may be noted that only in one instance was the home team beaten, but that was in one of the most important matches of the series. Aston Villa were beaten by Manchester City, and for this reverse the Villans may thank themselves, for the City side was by no means the cleverer one. Aston Villa did everything but score, and though only beaten by one goal, they deserved to lose.

Sheffield Wednesday retain their position at the head of the table, but they could only draw with Sunderland, and altogether the play was of a disappointing nature. The Wednesday had practically all the play; but there seems a dearth of goal-scorers in the First Division just now, and this match was no exception. Their fellow townsmen, the United, were beaten by Wolverhampton Wanderers on the "Wolves'" ground by one goal to nil, and now drop to fifth place.

Everton were at Bury, but the weather was stormy and good football almost impossible. Both sides had many chances, but there was nothing scored, and lengthy criticism is unnecessary. Newcastle United had much the better of Notts County, and beat them with some ease by four goals to one. Like at most other places, the weather was all against the players. McCombie, for whom Newcastle United paid £700 to Sunderland, turned out for his new club and played a great game. He frequently saved at the outset, and played well all through. The United have evidently not wasted their money.

"Another pointless draw was that between Middlesbrough and Derby County, the match being played on Middlesbrough's ground. Derby was without Stephen Bloomer, and the absence of the famous player doubtless made all the difference to the fortunes of his side. It was anybody's game throughout, and the result very correctly represented the play. Blackburn Rovers and Small Heath also drew. At starting it appeared as though the Rovers would win, as Bowman scored for them after ten minutes' play, but Small Heath, playing vigorously to the end, managed to draw level, and so saved the match.

Liverpool received a visit from Stoke, and the match, so vital to the interests of both clubs, resulted in the sides sharing the points. Thus Liverpool continue at the bottom of the ladder, and it appears that nothing short of a miracle can save their place in the First Division for them. Stoke, too, have cause for anxiety, for they are only fourth from the bottom, and are by no means safe.

Whoever goes out of the First Division, Preston North End are certain to enter it. Another win last Saturday gave them the total of 38 points, and their position is now unassailable. In the last match they beat Leicester Fosse by four goals to one. Woolwich Arsenal could not finish their match with Bradford City on account of the weather, and have now scored an equal number of points with Bolton Wanderers (29), but they have five matches in hand of the "Trotters" and two of Burnley, so that they are not in any straits. Their most dangerous rivals look like being Manchester United, the latter club being 3 points behind them with an equal number of matches to play.

Nobody that saw the match could have been surprised at the hollow victory gained by Cambridge over Oxford at the Queen's Club, and the score of five goals to none—which, by the way, equals record for these games—by no means overrates the superiority of the Light Blues. I must say that, though I expected Cambridge would win, I was not prepared to see the Oxonians play such poor football. They certainly did not lack pluck and dash, but they were immeasurably inferior in skill and smartness in accepting chances. To add to their disadvantage they had a very boisterous wind and a strong sun against them in the first half, and when the second moiety was entered upon the wind had moderated.

Thus the Cantabs had all the luck, but, allowing for that, there was no question about their merits. Their first goal was a long time in coming, about twenty minutes having elapsed ere Leach-Lewis beat Rogers from centre half-back. Then came goals at frequent intervals, H. V. Farnfield adding a point after some very clever play, and Harris putting on two more before the interval. Only one goal was obtained in the second half, Harris scoring finely eight minutes after resumption, so that the Cambridge captain did his full share towards his side's victory.

On a day favourable to good football I should say the Cantabs would hold their own with most teams in the country. Their forward play was brilliant at times, and they always looked like getting goals on Saturday after they had once settled down. The halves played a sturdy and telling game, and both the backs were excellent. Rowlandson in goal had little to do; but Rogers, between the Oxford posts, had a rare afternoon's work. Though he was beaten five times, he came out of the ordeal with great credit; and Norris, at back, also deserves the highest praise. But of the Dark Blue halves and forwards the less said the better. It is a singular fact that after Boissier had hurt his knee and retired from the field some twenty minutes from the end the Oxonians showed their most dangerous form during the match. The Cantabs have now won sixteen games and Oxford fourteen, while one—in 1889—was left drawn

League games become more or less a farce when full strength is not played by the club. But at least one club could crow on Monday evening; for the 'Spurs, represented by practically a reserve eleven, owing to the Cup team being away training for to-morrow's great tie with the Villa, gained a victory over the Queen's Park Rangers by three goals to none in the London League. In the same competition Brentford drew with West Ham at two goals each; and Millwall won a farcical match with Fulham by eight goals to one.

Judging by their form in the two Rugby International matches with Wales and Ireland, the English possess a really fine side this season. There can be no doubt that the representatives of the Rose are a more powerful side than has been the case for several years. Last Saturday they made the Irish fifteen look very poor stuff, and as a matter of fact, the match at Rectory Field, Blackheath, was a complete rout for the wearers of the Shamrock.

The Irishmen were beaten by two goals and three tries, and England were quite that the better side. One looked in vain for those typical Irish forward rushes, but they were not there. The Irish half-backs were weak, but there is some excuse in their case, seeing that they were behind a beaten pack. Then the three-quarters failed to come up to expectations, their tackling being very poor, and altogether it was a display quite unworthy of an international side.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing remarks that this was the cause of England's win. Rather was it that England's superiority was so manifest that the losers had no chance of getting going. The English forwards packed better and pushed their rivals almost at will. In the loose the Englishmen showed splendid dribbling powers. The halves played their part to perfection, and the powerful quartette of three-quarters, of whom Vivyan was the shining light, made the rest easy.

CRICKET.

P. F. Warner's team gained a great victory in the return game with New South Wales, the match ending on Monday in a win for the English side by 278 runs. An unfortunate accident to Cotter last Saturday handicapped the Australians, but even the presence of the promising bowler would hardly have warded off defeat.

The honours of the match rested with B. J. T. Bosanquet and Knight. The Middlesex amateur performed magnificently, scoring 54 in the first innings and a brilliant 114 in the second venture of the M.C.C., and also taking eight wickets for 96 runs. Knight played a fine innings of 104, and this fine batsmen can hardly be left out of the remaining two test matches.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

For several years the South of the Thames Cross-Country Championship had been decided at Bromley over the estate of Mr. A. C. Norman, J.P., who very generously gave his permission for the purpose, but on Saturday the venue was Redhill. H. D. Montague, of the Thames Valley Harriers, was most fancied as first man home; and so it proved, but he had only 9 sec. to spare from A. F. Davis, of the Bath and Somerset Harriers; and H. E. Deakin was only 35 sec. behind. The first six men all finished within 48 min.

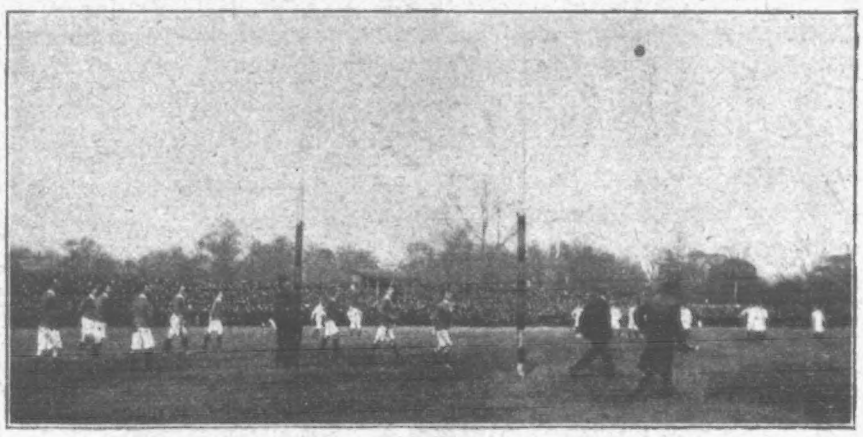
The race between the clubs was equally keen; and the Bath and Somerset Harriers and Brighton and County Harriers, by scoring 110 points each, divided the honours. Belgrave Harriers were third with 158 points; and Reading fourth with 181. Sixteen clubs took the field.

Alfred Shrubb accomplished another fine performance in the Nicholson Challenge Cup handicap over ten miles at Croydon. Though giving long starts, he managed to finish second to F. J. Spencer, who, with the liberal allowance of 5 min. 45 sec., won by 500 yards, and was evidently underrated by the handicappers. Third prize was secured by P. A. Casserley, whose start was 5 min. 15 sec. Shrubb's time was 65 min. 36 sec., and considering the heavy going his performance was remarkably good.

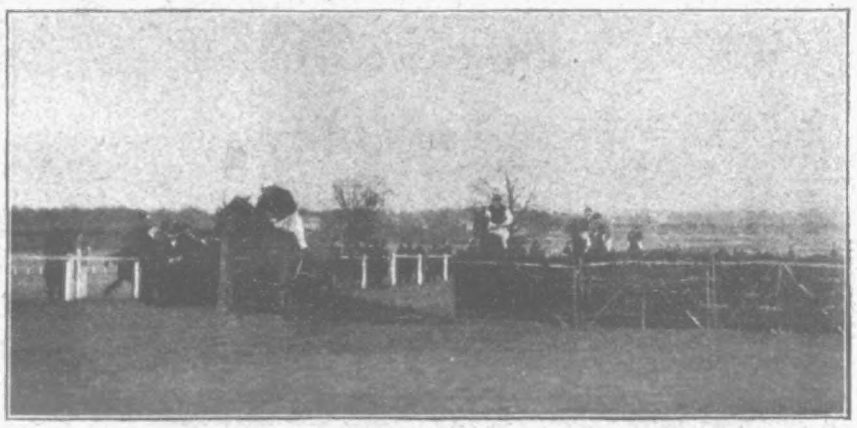
The Highgate Harriers held a ten miles scratch race and sealed handicap at Bowes Park on Saturday last. The race was noteworthy for the grand running of Shrubb's great rival, A. Aldridge, who not only finished first in the scratch race, but also won the handicap. His time for the full journey was 65 min. 31 1-5 sec., and he was followed home by G. Still, who, with 1 min. 50 sec. start, secured second prize. T. Johnston, receiving an allowance of 3 min. 30 sec., was third.

Out of an entry of twenty-one there were nineteen starters for the Polytechnic Harriers' ten miles scratch race and sealed handicap at Pinner. The winner turned up in H. Nott, and he was followed home by H. H. Cooke. Essex Beagles held their ten miles club championship and sealed handicap at Forest Gate. W. J.

ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT BLACKHEATH: PICKING UP THE BALL FROM A SCRUM.



ENGLAND v. IRELAND: VIVYAN'S KICK AT GOAL FROM ENGLAND'S FIRST TRY.



RACING:—SANDOWN GRAND PRIZE: JOHN M.P., THE WINNER, COMING OVER THE LAST HURDLE.

ENGLAND v. IRELAND: LINING OUT.

MR C. B. FRY BATTING ON THE COVERED CRICKET PITCH AT ST. BRIDE'S.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

Clark, when well in front, collided heavily with a post, and A. Townshend won the level race, and E. F. Waddesdon the sealed handicap. C. S. Silsby easily won the Hampstead Harriers' scratch race, and F. Koster the handicap.

An excellent entry has been obtained for the Southern Cross-Country Championship, which is due to be decided at Lingfield Park to-morrow week. Among the clubs who have sent in their names are the Highgate Harriers (holders), Finchley Harriers, Essex Beagles, and South London Harriers, all of whom have won several times. Then there are fifteen other clubs who have made themselves famous, and altogether the event promises well—if the weather be fine.

BILLIARDS.

After all, M. Inman beat Reece in their match at Thurston's, the margin being 1595 points in favour of the Twickenham player. Inman is a capital up-hill player, but Reece did not show to advantage after being passed. Yet I am convinced that the latter will come to the front if he can only steady himself under circumstances that require perfect self-control. He commenced another match on Monday with H. W. Stevenson, and both players showed admirable form.

Speaking of Stevenson reminds me that the championship is hanging fire this season owing to the attitude of Stevenson and Dawson, who have announced their intention not to compete. This is a pity, because it prevents us seeing what such as Diggle, Harvenson, and Cook, to say nothing of Inman, can do this year. The proposed series of games between Dawson and Stevenson will tell us little, and they cannot be taken as indicating who is champion; for the championship is, and always should be, under the control and direction of the Billiard Association.

BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

VERY much taken aback was the racing world when in the columns of a contemporary it came across a big cross-head, "Newmarket Trainers Warned Off the Heath." Nothing more sensational could possibly be imagined than such terrible scandal occurring. To find prominent jockeys sent down and their sentence published has made a big mark, but nothing of the sort has happened for long years as the powers outlawing—for that is what warning-off means—a trainer, not to talk about issuing such an order in wholesale form; so racing worldlings were eager to discover particulars of this startler.

True indeed was the statement, which, in fact, fell rather short of the truth; for not only some, but all trainers—every one licensed to carry on business at Newmarket—had been given notice to keep off the Heath. Reason for the measure saw them temporarily leaving the Heath without a stain on their characters. The place, not the craft, was to blame, and they were told to keep off the grass, so far as regards the whole of the Jockey Club's training-grounds, simply because they were not fit to go on, on account of being waterlogged to a ruinous extent. The whole of the Heath, Water Hall, the Limekilns, the Bury Hill side, Warren Hill, Long Hill, the South Fields, the Race Course side and all, were declared unavailable. Taking this lot from the Club's whole range over the Heath, nothing remained; but there was one piece not included in that map, the piece called the Brickfields. There walking was about the only thing to be done, and with not too much accommodation at that, so many of the strings were taken out along the roads.

Such a state of things has not been brought about. I believe, for at least fifty years, and what it carries with it now should be taken to heart by those who think of backing their fancies for the Lincolnshire Handicap before they can be fairly sure of stable intentions. I am not going to preach again, and give good advice in a general way, but I must point out to my friends of the *P.I.P.* that not only cannot horses be trained at Newmarket while the wet continues, but that trainers are finding like difficulty in many other parts of the country. If you cannot get horses fit they cannot win, and unless the weather changes pretty soon, with plenty of drying winds to do away with the deluge's effects, pretty few of the Lincolnshire Handicap field will be worth backing. As it is, I think my wisest plan is to let the race run loose *pro tem.* Not half the candidates we have seen quoted will be fancied on the day.

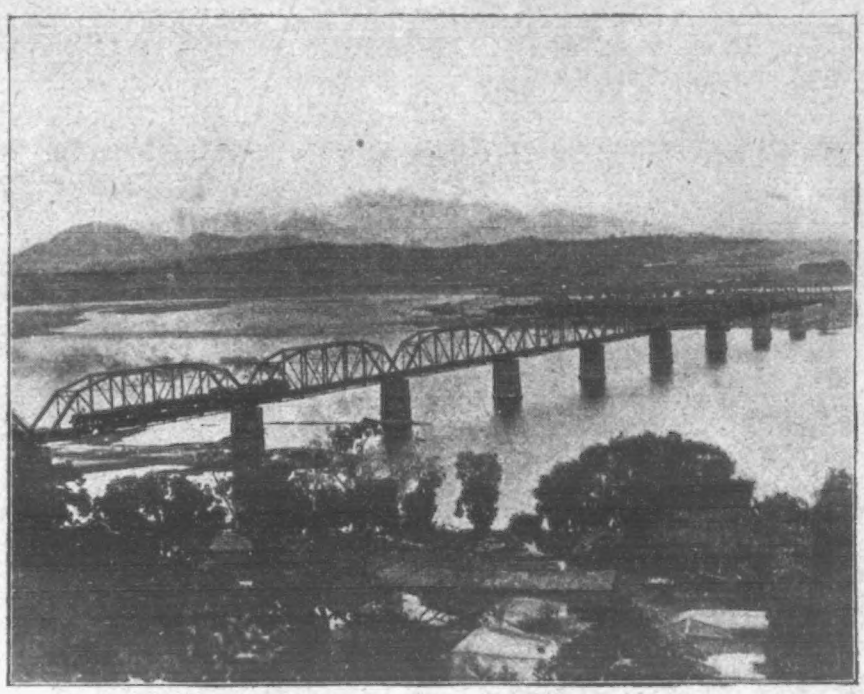
Judging by what has been seen lately, a good many of the Grand National horses are in much the same plight as the flat-racers. Drumcree, whose trainer, Sir Charles Nugent, is in wonderful form, is not a quarter fit as yet, and want of condition very soon put him out of court at Sandown in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase. Pride of Mabestown, who started favourite, was certainly much forwarder, but she fell early, and those who think of backing her for Aintree should not forget that she has a bad record for coming to grief. Though Drumcree could do no good, the stable took the race all right with Napper Tandy, who had absolutely romped along in very deep going at Folkestone on the previous Tuesday. Sir Charles took the principal event of Saturday also with John M.P., who simply smothered all opposition in Sandown Grand Prize. This Member of Parliament is the property of Mr. Morrison, Drumcree's owner. He has only 10 st. in the National, and he looks made for the race and the course. One would want to know a good deal more than this before recommending him as a likely winner of the great steeplechase; but if he was given preference by the Cranbourne stable I should not like to leave him out of a backing book.

A horse thought by a good many of us likely to train on into a first-rater is Vibrant, sold on Saturday, before he won the February Four-Year-Old Steeplechase, to Mr. Kerne, a young Continental sportsman, who on the previous day paid three hundred and ten guineas for the selling hurdle-racer Hopeless. Opinions differed very strongly as to the merits of Vibrant's victory at Newmarket, where he not only ran away with the stake, but looked like running away with his jockey, Mr. A. W. Wood, as well. On that occasion he chanced one or two of his fences. On Saturday he gave an exhibition of perfect jumping, and until he had landed over the last obstacle had had matters so much his own way as regards playing with the opposition that he might have been a hundred yards ahead if his pilot had not kept steadying him.

I cannot say for certain how it happened that Vibrant, on the flat with an open run home, as nearly as possible got beaten. He did so, however, and was all over the place when Shylock II. got up. From being 50 to 1 on bar four, the odds for a few moments were 20 to 1 against. Shylock, however, could not sustain the effort, and Vibrant thought better of stopping, and ran the last part of his race out properly.

"An Old Reader," as a correspondent signs himself, suggests that in view of the wet state of the land generally a stop should be put to racing for a while, because steeplechasers cannot be properly trained, the sort we see every day. I am sorry to disagree with our friend in one respect. Not for a minute should I be sorry to see business suspended while the ground is so heavy and tiring: but, if I may be excused for saying so, the bulk of the chasers do not want training at all when the middle of the season has been reached. What they want is a spell of rest to refresh them. They train themselves week by week, taking part in races and being sent round the country.

BENDIGO.



BRIDGE ACROSS THE HANG RIVER ON THE SEOUL-CHEMULPHO RAILWAY IN KOREA.

Photo. "Topical."

MARQUIS YAMAGATA,

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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

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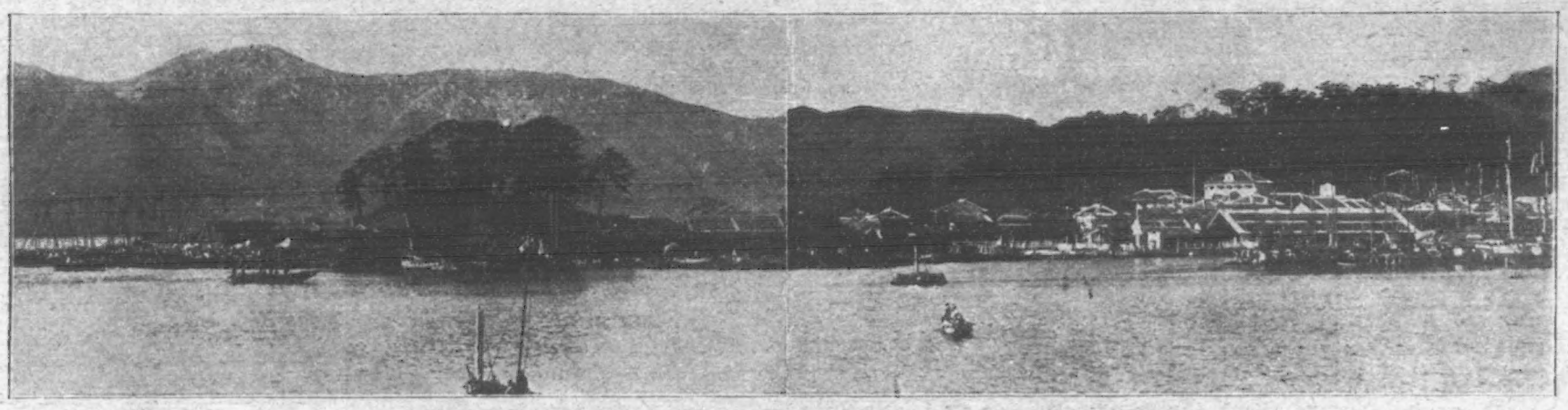

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THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: TWO SCENES ON LAND.

WITH THE JAPANESE TROOPS IN KOREA: A BRIEF HALT FOR REFRESHMENTS.

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Good! it's MASON'S

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Royal wedding at Windsor and the dashing victory of the Japanese navy in the Far East are the topics of general conversation this week; but the former is likely to be just a nine days' wonder (weddings not being novelties even in the Royal Family); and before these lines are in print another very important marriage will have taken place—namely, that of the Duke of Norfolk and Miss Herries. Three times had the wedding been postponed; the last time on account of the death of a near relative of the Duke. The Royal wedding went off very well.

Pretty Princess Alice

made a dainty-looking little bride in her very simple dress of white satin. Queen Alexandra wore a beautiful dress of rich mauve satin with a shimmering bloom of white upon it, and a small crown of diamonds set in the midst of a tiara of the same stones. The little child bridesmaids (one of whom was the daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Mary) and the two Princesses of Connaught were in blue, with wreaths of forget-me-nots in their hair; and the two older bridesmaids carried bouquets of white lilies. One of the tiny Princesses, the niece of the Duchess of Albany, is so very small that she had to be lifted up the chancel steps, and the four little girls made a charming group as they carried the train of the bride up the aisle. It was the King who gave the bride away, not her brother, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who escorted his sister to the chapel. Not the least noteworthy feature of the day was the fact that on Feb. 10, sixty-four years ago, the late Queen Victoria was married in St. George's Chapel to Prince Albert, and on the same date of 1904 the only daughter of her late Majesty's youngest son was united to one of the three sons of Princess Mary of Cambridge, better known to the present generation as Duchess of Teck.

The Royal Bride and Groom

are related distantly, and they have, I should think, known one another as children.

Very pretty dresses were worn by the bridesmaids of Miss Lee Warner, who was married quite lately at Norwich. These dresses were made of champagne-coloured eolienne, with accordion-pleated flounces. The bodices were trimmed on yokes and sleeves with net to match in colour; their hats were of brown chiffon trimmed with pink roses, and their bouquets were made of pink roses and carnations.

With the Fuller Skirts,

dress-"improvers" are coming in. All women are not blessed with rounded figures, and for some reason or another it is supposed that with a skirt in which a few gathers appear, it is more necessary to improve a bony form by means of one of the many inventions which are supposed to be an aid to grace and symmetry. "Butterfly," in the *Lady's Pictorial* for Feb. 13, describes the very newest improver, which is called the "Hypronda"; it has been designed to give greater roundness below the waist. "Butterfly" says that it adds no weight to the skirt, and it is so arranged that it cannot be displaced. The "Hypronda" is sold by all the leading drapers; therefore my readers will be able to examine it at their leisure.

I am told that straw hats of a very deep burnt-straw shade

Will be Much Worn this Spring.

Burnt straw comes in regularly every year, and then disappears again. So unbecoming is the colour that it never becomes popular. White straw hats with black under the brim are worn also. These hats are becoming, and when trimmed with black velvet and white feathers they are smart and pretty. I hope they will remain in favour; but, alas! the caprices of fashion are many, especially in spring. I wish very much that our fashion papers, instead of describing what we can see any day for ourselves in the shops, would give us some idea of what is likely to be worn. It is the dressmakers who have no shops and who do not advertise who know exactly what is worn by the best-dressed women in Society; for, as a rule, the best-dressed do not buy their gowns even in the best shops. They are designed for them, and are not sketched in fashion-plates. As regards

Materials for Spring Dresses

(and it is now time to be looking about for a new frock for spring wear), I recommend a light make of tweed or hopsack or serge. Hopsack is good wearing stuff, and it wears as well with an unlined skirt as with a lined one. This fact I have proved by personal experience. In black it is always a good colour. I know less about it in colours.

I hear that delaine will be worn again during the summer for morning and country wear. It makes up into very pretty blouses, and with care it washes. If care cannot be assured, it should be cleaned.

AN INTERESTING RUSSIAN PHOTOGRAPH: THE CZARINA AS COLONEL OF THE UHLAN REGIMENT.

Another query from a correspondent about

Wrinkles on the Face.

I reply that I never recommend cosmetics, and I do not think that there is a harmless cosmetic in existence that will remove wrinkles. There may be, of course, but I have never come across it. I was horrified to learn that there are women in the world who have had the old skin upon their faces removed by an acid of some sort; restorers are then applied, and a soft new skin grows, and the patient comes out with quite a new face; but she has been obliged to remain in hiding for some weeks, as she is literally not fit to be seen. But more terrible—I might say more wicked—is it to have the eyelashes plucked out one by one, in order that new and long lashes, put on to a thin foundation, may be sewn on in the proper place! I hope and trust that this tale of foolishness and vanity is not true. If any one of my readers is troubled about the coming on of wrinkles she must try not to fuss and worry about anything. Wash the face at night with hot, but not too hot, water, and immediately after with cold; dry by dabbing with a soft Turkish towel—one that has become soft from constant washing and mangling. Do not use too much soap to the face. It is not necessary unless the face is very dirty. The face requires to be washed at night far more than in the morning.

MARGUERITE.

Photo. Russell.

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY AND PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK: LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER THE CEREMONY.

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MARGUERITE.

Photo. Russell.

A SURVEYOR

AND

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NEVER

make too sure about it. The fickle goddess plays some strange tr times, without the slightest apparent regard to our merits or al She laughs at our elaborate schemes for harnessing her to ou chariot, and there is not one of us who may not become the vi her fatal neglect, or the sport of an unlooked for destiny. To

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the right thing to do when the tide turns, or the storm breaks, ship of life's happiness seems in danger, is the best proof of wis man or woman. But, whatever happens, you can neither enjo nor conquer evil fortune if you fail to keep your bodily and forces up to the mark. Happily,

YOUR

health is a matter very largely under your own control. A co liver, a disordered stomach, clogged inactive kidneys, headache, lessness—these are evils you can effectually dispose of by a BEECHAM'S PILLS as a remedy; and if, by the present remind are led to try this valuable medicine, you may certainly regard piece of splendid good

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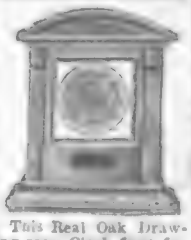

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BARBARA'S STORMY WOOING.

By BERTHA M. CLAY,

Author of "For Love of Marjorie," "The Mystery of Woodcroft," "An Ideal Love," "Lawyer Bell," "Her Soldier Lover," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

"WE MET AS FOES, WE PART AS FRIENDS!"

THE face of Cecil Trevor was set and stern when he stepped out of the train at Hertford. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but gripped Barbara's telegram hard. Even then she was within a few hundred yards of him, if he had but known!

He accosted an official. "How can I reach Springdale—the Earl of Trevancore's place?" he asked.

"Do you wish to see the Earl, Sir?"

"I do."

The man made a dive through an archway, and returned panting for breath.

"You've only missed him by a minute, Sir. The last time I passed here he was standing just where you are now. He's gone back to the Chase, but you can't hope to overtake them thoroughbreds of his."

"Thank you." His tone expressed satisfaction. "I prefer to see him at his home." He pressed half-a-crown into the man's hand. "Order a cab for me, will you?—and a good horse. I don't care what I pay. I can't trust myself to the antediluvian vehicles outside. I will be back in ten minutes."

He remembered that he had eaten nothing all day, and went to an hotel, where he was supplied with ale and sandwiches. He felt a good deal heartened to think that Lord Trevancore would be easily accessible.

He had dreaded evasions and denials, and even the news that Barbara had been spirited away.

"I will have no nonsense," he reflected. "My authority is here." He struck his breast-pocket. "The girl I love—the girl who is to be my wife—is in peril. She sends for me—and I am coming, Lord Trevancore!"

He returned to the station, and found the cab waiting for him. It was really a very respectable affair for a dead-alive town like Hertford to produce, and the horse looked much more intelligent than the driver.

He jumped in, saying briefly: "The Earl of Trevancore's place."

Then he settled himself down to think, watching the flying country the while with unseeing eyes.

"I am getting nearer to my beautiful Barbara with every moment," he thought, a wild thrill of joy at his heart, "and my Lord of Trevancore shall answer to me for any indignity she may have suffered at his hands."

At last the cab was pulled up; there was a brief parley with a surly gatekeeper, and then it whirled into a broad and shady avenue.

"So this is the Chase," thought Trevor; and when he beheld the mansion, he was half amazed at its splendour, although he had heard much of its owner's extravagant tastes.

Having quitted the cab, he told the driver to wait, and was immediately ushered into a reception-room.

"The Earl is at home?" he questioned

"Yes, Sir."

The butler took his card, and Trevor paced the thick carpet. He found it impossible to remain still. Barbara had telegraphed that she was in peril. What could the nature of that peril be? This appeared to be no house of mystery. He heard the laughter of a child, and the music of a woman's voice. Someone had entered the room, and a quick glance revealed the figure of a handsome lady of middle age.

"You desire to see my brother, Lord Trevancore?" she asked.

"I do, Madam," was the sharp retort.

"The servant made a mistake; my brother is not in. You cannot see him until to-morrow."

Trevor fixed upon her a glance cold and keen. His brows were bent, and for the moment he was not good to look upon.

"I shall not leave here without seeing him," he said determinedly. "I have followed him from Hertford, and he cannot be far away."

"You are insolent, Sir!" Lady Drysdale made answer, an angry flush mounting to her brow.

"I am sorry, Madam; I have no intention to be insolent. I wish to see his Lordship upon a most urgent matter—it may be upon a matter of life and death. You say that you are his sister?"

"I am Lady Drysdale, and the Earl of Trevancore is my brother. Tell me what you want, Sir, and I may be able to help you. You cannot see the Earl until to-morrow morning, as he is perfectly inaccessible to anyone."

Trevor regarded her for an instant darkly and suspiciously, then he spoke—

"You have a young lady here named Barbara Graham, and my cab is without waiting to take her away. She has telegraphed to me that she is in peril. I am her future husband, and my name is Cecil Trevor. That is all, Lady Drysdale. Where is Barbara Graham? Can you tell me that she is safe?"

Lady Drysdale's face had softened, and she held out her right hand.

"Barbara has told me about you, Mr. Trevor; I am her friend, and we must be friends too. She is perfectly safe, and left here with her father this afternoon."

"Thank you," said Trevor, his brow clearing, "you have lifted a great load from my mind. Can you tell me where she is, and why she should send this telegram to me?"

"I must say no to both questions. I do not remember where Captain Graham is taking his daughter, and must leave the telegram to be explained by Miss Graham herself." She paused and bit her lips as though in anxious thought; then continued: "Mr. Trevor, you must stay at the Chase to-night, and see the Earl to-morrow. I wish this particularly; he is violently in love with Miss Graham—oh! but I cannot go into the wretched story; I only want him to be completely disillusioned, and you are about the only person who can do it. It may mean his salvation. I am concerned for his child's sake. It is true that he returned from Hertford barely half-an-hour since, but at once retired to a place where no one can disturb him."

"The house under the lake? I have heard of it."

"And he will not reappear until morning," Lady Drysdale went on distressfully. "He is subject to strange spells of unconsciousness, induced by his own will-power. He is a clairvoyant, and a great many other horrid things."

Trevor listened with a half smile. "I will stay, Lady Drysdale," he answered briefly. "Excuse me one minute."

He went out and spoke to the cabman. "I am not leaving here until to-morrow. Call for me at ten o'clock. Here is a sovereign for you. Do not fail."

"No, Sir!"

Trevor returned to Lady Drysdale, and a little later was taken charge of by Mr. Spencer. A comfortable suite of rooms was placed at his disposal, and the novelty of the situation became amusing—since Barbara was safe.

He retired at a comparatively early hour, and was up again just after sunrise. He listened to the chattering birds, and watched the growing brightness of the sky. But time appeared to creep along on leaden feet!

At six o'clock the servants began to stir, and he quitted his room and went into the grounds. The freshness of morning was exhilarating, for there was a promise of autumn in the air, and from afar came the scent of hop-gardens.

"It is all very beautiful here," Trevor reflected, "but the silence is oppressive. One might live in a wilderness, and still be as near to humankind. No hum of distant labour—no farm-boy's song—nor the rattle of a cart. What a strange man this Lord Trevancore must be!"

He had caught the glitter of the lake through the trees which surrounded it, and was pushing his way through the wood in a leisurely, contemplative mood, when he was startled by a man rising suddenly in his path.

For a full minute they looked each other up and down, and Trevor knew that he was facing the Earl of Trevancore. His face was haggard, his glittering eyes were bloodshot, and his dress awry. He looked like a man who had been up all night.

"Your name is Trevor?" he questioned, in sibilant tones. "You are Cecil Trevor — my rival, my foe!"

"The man is mad," Trevor thought. He regarded him fixedly.

Trevancore passed one hand over his brow. "I knew that you were here, and I have lost Barbara Graham. And her father"—he ground his teeth hard—"ah! it was well acted."

"I have seen your sister, Lady Drysdale," Trevor said, by way of saying something. "I suppose she told you that I was here in quest of Miss Graham?"

"No, I have had no word with a living soul since yesterday until now. I don't know that I should blame you, Cecil Trevor, but the measure of my hate for you is illimitable. I became suspicious; I doubted—I have been fooled by all! I have seen it in my trance—too late! The future for me is a barren waste—a moonless night—blacker than the bottomless pit! What more fitting than that we should end it now—you and I? I have here two revolvers fully charged. Take your choice, and commence firing without any formalities."

With a quick movement Trevor snatched one of the revolvers from his hand and hurled it into the lake.

"I have no intention of being murdered or of committing murder," he said, seizing Trevancore's wrist with an iron grip. "Are you mad?"

The Earl glared at him; then the fury in his eyes gradually died away, and he answered, with a bitter smile—

"You are right, Mr. Trevor, and I am wrong. See, the second revolver follows the first. Now will you come back to the house with me? I want to talk with you."

He had regained his composure and stepped away ahead of Trevor, but there was a stoop in his shoulders like that of a broken man.

He paused at the library door to order some strong coffee, and when it was served added a liberal supply of brandy.

"You will join me, Mr. Trevor? This is good for the nerves."

"With pleasure," answered Trevor, keeping a wary eye upon the other's movements.

The Earl dropped into a seat, a weary sigh passing his lips.

"I have had a terrible night," he went on, "and am utterly undone. It is one of the penalties we clairvoyants have to endure. I ought to have passed into a natural sleep, but I was determined to see you—and to kill you! But that is past. You are innocent of doing me any wrong, and you love Barbara Graham. For her sake I must spare you." He bent over the table, his face hidden in his hands. "You will never comprehend how much I loved Barbara," he went on. "And when I fancied that my cause was won, the whole world became an Eden to me. My senses were ravished, and I was so intoxicated with happiness that I became blind to all else. But the awakening—oh! the awakening!" He staggered to his feet. "Take my hand, Mr. Trevor, and then leave me. I must rest—I must rest. But first I will leave written instructions to my secretary regarding the immediate future—and then oblivion for awhile! You will see me again before you go, Mr. Trevor? It is very early now—say in two or three hours' time? Thank you; we met as foes, we part as friends, for Barbara's sake!"

He resumed his chair and began to write rapidly. Trevor heard him murmuring, and these were the words that fell from his lips—

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love
And feed his sacred flame.

Then Trevor closed the library door after him, and it seemed that the scratching of Lord Trevancore's flying pen would never leave his ears.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WEDDING BELLS.

CECIL TREVOR went back to his own apartments, and remained there until the breakfast bell rang. His meeting with the Earl of Trevancore had made a deep impression upon him, and he felt heartily sorry for the eccentric nobleman. He had committed no crime in loving Barbara Graham, and for his later actions he was already trying to atone. Satisfied that Barbara was safe, Trevor's anger and anxiety had melted away; secure in his own happiness, he had nothing but pity and commiseration for Lord Trevancore.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the breakfast bell rang, and he hastened downstairs. The first person he met was Lady Drysdale, and after the usual polite greeting, she said a little anxiously—

"You have seen the Earl?"

"Yes, my Lady." His tone was questioning.

"I saw you from my bed-room window," she explained. "It was at quite an early hour."

"About six o'clock, or very shortly after. We went to the library and had coffee—and—parted good friends."

"I am so glad." She spoke fervently. "There may be some hope of his regeneration. His passion of his for Miss Graham was amazing."

"I have to see the Earl again at ten. I left him in the library writing. He said something about going abroad immediately."

They went into breakfast, but it was a dull meal. Lady Drysdale could not conceal the fact that she was nervous and apprehensive.

"I am going home by the midday train," she told Trevor, "and am taking little Gladys with me. My brother consented that she was to be my child in the future, but I am afraid now that he may revoke his promise. I feel almost like a fugitive myself, because I am going to leave here before he becomes aware of it if I can. Poor—poor fellow! His life has been a stormy one—for himself, and all with whom he comes into close contact. One never knows what terrible thing he is going to do next."

Trevor made no mention of the episode with the revolvers.

It was ten o'clock when they left the breakfast-room, and Trevor's cab was already waiting. He fidgeted about until eleven, and still there was no sign of Lord Trevancore.

At last he ventured to the library door. It was opened by the secretary, who informed him that the Earl had gone to town.

"He dressed hurriedly," concluded Mr. Spencer, "and preferred to walk to the station. This, for his Lordship, is a by no means uncommon thing, as he is a marvellous walker. He left, perhaps half an hour since, while you and Lady Drysdale were at breakfast, Sir."

Trevor was disappointed, but he had to be content. There was nothing else for it.

He was turning away, when the secretary darted to the drawer of a table and produced two sealed notes. One was for Mr. Trevor and one for Lady Drysdale.

"His Lordship instructed me to deliver these letters personally, and"—he lowered his voice—"I don't mind telling you, Sir, that I have authority practically to dismiss all the servants and close the Chase. Lord Trevancore is going abroad at once, and I shall be glad to be quit of him, for I've had a very trying time here. I came as secretary and confidential man, but have been terrori[illegible] If you should have a vacancy——"

"I have no dirty work for anyone to do," Trevor interrupted drily.

He walked away, breaking the seal of Lord Trevancore's note, which ran—

Dear Mr. Trevor,—A second interview would be more than painful to me. When I reflect upon what I have been, and what I am, I lose all control of myself. I am leaving here immediately, and we shall never meet again. I have kissed my little Gladys while she was sleeping—for the last time. I have two favours to ask of you—see my sister had my child safely to London and be kind to Barbara. TREVANCORE.

Trevor read this to Lady Drysdale, saying: "I will dismiss my cab and escort you and little Gladys to your home. You have no objection?"

"I accept with pleasure," she said simply and gratefully.

Although matters were hurried, greatly to the discomfort of Lady Drysdale's maid, it was three o'clock in the afternoon when Trevor wished her Ladyship good-bye.

"You will send me news of Miss Graham?" she said. "I have taken a great deal of interest in her, and in you, Mr. Trevor."

"It is my business now to find her," he answered. "Goodness knows what freak may have entered Captain Graham's head!"

"I know him intimately twenty years since, and he was ever as unstable as water. Still, I know that he has many good qualities, and he swears that his reformation is complete. He confided something to me which there is no harm in telling you. I believe that he has come into a fortune, and is sailing at once to America to claim it."

Trevor smiled doubtfully.

"It is true. I have seen the documents"—Lady Drysdale spoke emphatically—"and Barbara is to go to Willowhurst Vicarage until his return. I have had no opportunity to tell you before—I have been so worried and distressed."

Trevor's face had lighted up, and he gripped her hand hard.

"Barbara may be there already," he thought. "I will not waste another precious moment."

Within a few minutes he was being driven to the railway station, and just caught a fast train to Whitechurch.

"If Barbara has not yet reached the Vicarage, there will surely be a message from her for me," he reflected. "I will call at the Vicarage first, at any rate."

It was five o'clock when the train ran into Whitechurch Station, and Trevor signalled a cabman from the carriage window before the train stopped. He was feverish with haste.

He jumped out and ran along the platform, and the cabman met him at the gate.

"Oakdene, Sir?"

"No—the Vicarage first. Hurry up!"

The man scrambled to his box, a knowing smile on his face. He whipped up his horse, and then looked back at Trevor, saying—

"I drove Miss Graham—the Captain's daughter—to the Vicarage last night, Sir. The Vicar, he met her hisself, and his wife."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Trevor delightedly. "Can't you get along a bit faster? Never mind, don't over-drive the poor brute."

He lay back and indulged in pleasant reflections and anticipations, his heart bounding and his eyes shining.

At last he saw the spire of the church peeping above the tree-tops. Another mile, and then——

The cabman was saying something, but he did not hear what it was. From the highway they turned into the lane that led to the Vicarage, and to Trevor it had never seemed so fragrant or so beautiful before.

The cab stopped, and he gave the man a handful of silver—he did not know how much.

"You have done well; give yourself and that poor horse a rest. This will pay for it."

He stepped swiftly to the door of the Vicarage, and brushed past the servant, saying: "Where is Miss Graham?"

"In the garden, Sir. I will tell her."

"No—I will go to her."

Without another word he was gone like a flash. He glided through the mazy ways of the old garden, and Barbara heard no sound until her lover stood before her. Then he spoke her name and clasped her to his heart, and she did not say him nay!

* * * *

During the next four weeks events crowded upon each other with startling rapidity for those principally concerned. The Earl of Trevancore had been discovered in his fairy palace under the lake quite dead. He was seated at a writing-table, a half-consumed cigar between the fingers of his left hand, and a pen in the other. The doctors said that it was a case of heart failure—and that he had been dead several days. It was proved that he had not been to London at all, and had died peacefully. He was borne to his last resting-place unhonoured and unsung. A few servants mourned him because he had paid them too liberally, and his secretary because he had not been paid at all. Lady Drysdale naturally shed bitter tears, but they were really tears of relief for little Gladys' sake.

Then came news of a small wedding, when Alice Blunt became Mrs. Spriggins, and triumphantly exhibited many presents, among which was a hundred-pound Bank of England note from Cecil Trevor "in recognition of past services to Miss Barbara Graham." And, together with something useful, Barbara had sent a letter which Mr. and Mrs. Spriggins will treasure for all time.

A week later the engagement of Barbara Graham and Cecil Trevor was announced, and the village was all agog with pleasurable excitement.

* * * *

It was a lovely wedding, the gossips said, and Willowhurst had never seen the like of it before. There were pealing bells and triumphal arches, and the way to the church was strewn with flowers. It was a gala-day for everybody, and all the shops were closed. Captain Graham had returned from abroad with a vast fortune, and was scattering his money lavishly in all directions.

"It's a great day for Willowhurst," said Trumble, the landlord of the White Hart, to the postmaster. "And they make a splendid couple. What a crowd! I never thought we had so many people here. The knot's nearly tied by this time."

"Whoever would have thought that Captain Graham was really a gentleman!" the postmaster remarked. "I hear that a brother of his has sent a wedding present of five thousand pounds."

"Here they come!" cried Trumble, waving his cap excitedly.

There was a great roar of welcome, and the happy bridegroom was bowing to the mass of cheering people. Then the bells pealed in ecstatic madness, and the carriages whirled away amid frantic acclamations.

At last Barbara was on the borderland of a new and brighter world!

THE END.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS—No. LXXVII.: SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

A MORE literal translation of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" than Mr. Davidson has given would, I fancy, have been more striking. Some portions of the great French poet's fine play are extremely effective, and, closely followed, would, I think, move the audience more thoroughly than was the case last Thursday evening, although I must give Mr. Lewis Waller the fullest credit for his attractive and picturesque rendering of the hero. I doubt if any English actor could have equalled him in the character. Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the Queen was splendid, and a genial welcome was given to that old favourite, Miss Lydia Thompson, although her part was comparatively small. But it is always pleasant to see even secondary parts adequately filled. The play was placed upon the stage with liberal attention to scenery and costumes.

Old playgoers, of course, will think of Fechter in "Ruy Blas." It seems a very long time since that romantic actor was seen upon the English stage. I remember him in Falconer's English version, which in some respects I prefer to the new adaptation, because Falconer never lost sight of the melodramatic character of Victor Hugo's famous work. I saw Fechter in 1872, and shall never forget the impression he made. He had previously appeared in London in 1860. The first English Don Salluste was that admirable actor, Walter Lacy, the first Don Cæsar being Augustus Harris, father of the late operatic and Drury Lane manager. Another version of the play was given later with Tom Mead as the hero. Mead will be remembered by his excellent work under Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum. He was a sound and competent performer.

"The Love Birds," at the Savoy, is simply a musical comedy of the most modern pattern, and one cannot help regretting the fact, remembering the high reputation gained in comic opera. The company were to be commended, especially Miss Kate Cutler and the American humorist, Mr. Golder, who created much amusement by their parody of a scene from "The Darling of the Gods." A very successful début was also made by Mr. Fred Leslie, son of the famous Fred Leslie of bygone days.

Mr. Pinero is not the only dramatist to seek fame in the Parisian capital. Shortly, Mr. Louis N. Parker will produce a French version of "The Monkey's Paw," founded on a story by Jacobs. The little play was recently performed at a Haymarket matinée.

A testimonial benefit is to be given on March 3 to Mr. Richard Mansell, whose career as a London manager began forty years ago. I have seen him in many clever performances, and his friends are preparing an attractive programme for the occasion I now refer to.

Mr. Tree has decided to resign his part in "The Darling of the Gods" to Mr. W. C. Somerset, with the intention of joining his Shakspereau company in the provinces. I may here mention that two burlesques of "The Darling of the Gods" are announced. One of them will shortly be produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and is likely, I think, to be amusing.

Mr. Arthur Roberts will produce one of the burlesques on "The Darling of the Gods," which he will call "The Darling of the Guards." This is perhaps less effective than the idea of the American parodist, who calls his travesty "The Darling of the Gallery Gods."

Sardou's early play, "Ferréol," must be nearly forgotten. It was produced in 1875 without much success, but it contains one or two good situations, and, like all Sardou writes, is ingenious in the stage-treatment. The English version is to be given at the Royalty on Feb. 25. Miss Kate Rorke plays the heroine.

"An Actor's Romance," at the Camden Theatre, did not prove very romantic, and I strongly object to the system of showing the stage in an unfavourable light to the public. The hero is an actor, and some of the principal scenes take place on the stage and are not too refined. Selections from "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Bells" are introduced. But the entire four acts failed to impress one favourably, although the performers certainly did their utmost for the play. Frequently the audience laughed uproariously when they were obviously intended to be moved seriously. I therefore fear that "An Actor's Romance" will not enjoy a lengthened career. Plays in which the performers ridicule their own profession seldom please.

I learn with the greatest satisfaction that Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), having undergone another operation, is rapidly recovering, and it is hoped that she will shortly return to the stage.

Mr. Comyns Carr has written a very skilful adaptation of "La Châtelaine" for the New Theatre, and it was admirably performed, particularly by Sir Charles Wyndham, who in one scene roused the house to the greatest enthusiasm. "My Lady of Rosedale," as the play is called, will certainly prove successful; but the adapter must have had no easy task in making our English laws and customs fit in with the French law of divorce, which is employed by M. Capus, the French author, with so much freedom. But praise may be honestly given to Mr. Comyns Carr for his ingenuity in dealing with some difficult situations.

The Playgoers' Club continues its generous work on behalf of the poor children. No less than 4500 were taken to the Surrey Theatre. Many of them had never seen a pantomime before, and their shrill cries of delight were good to hear. I am afraid the club will not equal their efforts of last year, when 17,000 juveniles enjoyed their liberal treatment.

Next Saturday "Madame Sherry" is to be seen in a new version, with new dresses, new songs, new dramatic scenes, etc. In fine, "Madame Sherry" will undergo a complete transformation.

On Friday, this week, Madame Patti enters her sixty-second year. Her voice is still in good condition.

Mr. Martin Harvey commences his spring tour this week at the Camden Theatre. "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" will be played on Tuesday and Friday, and "The Only Way" on other nights in the week and also at the Saturday matinée.

Sir Henry Irving emphatically contradicts the report that the famous American actress Miss Ada Rehan is about to join his company.

"A Man of Honour" is to be revived, with important alterations and a complete change in the finale. I shall be curious to see how the author ends the play in this new version, as I remember very well the main outline of the original. The "Man of Honour" is a barrister in a good position, who seduces a barmaid, a girl without education, and, with the intention of acting honourably, offers her marriage. But they are an ill-assorted pair, and live a cat-and-dog life, the result being that the cultivated husband falls in love with another woman. The barmaid, although ignorant and uncultivated, has a real affection for her husband, and after some stormy scenes with her rival, ends her life by suicide. It will be quite interesting to see how Mr. Maughan will alter the tragical close of the play.

The "Up-River Girl; or, Maiden and Millionaire," a new musical comedy with libretto and lyrics by Mr. Chance Newton of the *Referee*, and the score by Mr. Robert Coverley, was played on Monday last at the Haymarket Theatre, as a copyright performance. One of the chief characters is an Indian who speaks "Baboo" English. I presume this is the millionaire, but I was unable to be present. I learn, however, that as a musical comedy the piece is promising and lively.

The antagonism between the theatres and music-halls does not subside. In fact, I think the intervention of Parliament will be necessary to settle the matter.

"The Geisha" was being performed in St. Petersburg when the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan took place, and there was such a violent demonstration against the piece that the authorities closed the theatre.

THE PROMPTER.

MISS CORAL.

MISS HILDA MOODY

TWO PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES BY MISS LALLIE CHARLES.

MR. LEWIS WALLER AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN "A QUEEN'S ROMANCE."—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Primroses.

One thing in favour of the coloured primroses is that they do something towards relieving the outdoor garden of its monotony in late autumn and through the winter months, says a writer in *Gardening Illustrated*. I have often thought that primroses would be worth good culture, if only for the sake of the flowers they give during the dull months, which not only brighten up the outdoor garden, but can also be made the means of giving pleasure indoors. All the time the weather is open, blossoms will be thrown up; and should there be heavy rains, with occasional frost, they can be gathered just before they expand. They will open indoors, and will be as perfect in form and colour as when expanded under the influence of the spring sunshine. Young plants come into flower earlier than old ones, and the individual blooms, in a general way, are finer. Those who grow the coloured primroses should every year save some

COLOURED PRIMROSES AND POLYANTHUS.

seed from the best flowers only, marking them when in bloom, and discarding inferior ones. In this way the strain will be improved, and the young plants will come in to take the place of old ones that may, as is often the case in hot, dry seasons, die out or become weak. Sow in August, either in boxes or in a cold frame. The seeds, when new, come up with great freedom, but if kept any time, germination is very uncertain. Therefore, if you are going to make a beginning in primrose-culture, get your seed from a well-known grower. Ask him to send you seed of that season's crop, which he will be able to do in August. Sow not later than the last week in that month, and nearly every seed will come up. Put the seedlings out into good ground in April, attend to them well in the matter of watering and cleanliness, and they will make fine plants by autumn.

The English Bull-Terrier.

Like the Dalmatian, mentioned in a previous article, the bull-terrier is among the dogs losing popularity. Time was when there were some truly magnificent classes at the leading shows; now, however, one rarely sees a really good lot. In the South, indeed, all the best specimens are in one kennel, that of Mr. H. E. Monk, who has undoubtedly got together a singularly strong team. The abolition of cropping had certainly much to do with waning interest in the variety, for there is no denying that an uncropped terrier is not nearly so smart as one of the old stamp. Mr. Monk, however, and one or two powerful Midland breeders, are overcoming the ear difficulty, several terriers lately

BULL TERRIER.

brought out having ears almost naturally erect. The bull-terrier now has no practical use; he is a good guard and companion, not quarrelsome unless his temper is aroused, and clean in his habits. A better dog for a lonely country-house one could not have.

A Fine Geranium.

To oblige a Lichfield correspondent an Illustration of an ivy-leaved pelargonium or geranium is given this week. The wonderful improvements in this class of pelargonium make the ivy-leaved one of the most useful of cool greenhouse plants. The flowers are very large and double, borne on long, stout stalks, and produced in the greatest profusion. The plants are of dwarf, sturdy habit, and the leaves are beautifully marked. They can be had in bloom nearly all the year round, and are adapted for training on trellis, for hanging baskets, or for pot culture. Two beautiful varieties are Achievement—which is illustrated—and Leopard, the latter of a remarkable colour, and

THE IVY-LEAVED GERANIUM.

entirely different from any other. It is a clear lilac pink, with heavily blotched crimson markings over the top petals, large pip, good truss, and splendid habit. It is undoubtedly one of the most distinct and beautiful.

Planting Out Tomatoes.

There will be many growers who will now be thinking of planting out tomatoes. Some few will already have done so. Where the houses are small, and a good heat can be maintained economically, this will be well; but in the case of many growers nothing will be gained by being in a hurry, and often much will be lost. Indeed, the grower will need some experience of the capabilities of both his pocket and his heating apparatus to know just when he should sow and plant out his tomatoes. There are in this country many blocks of unheated glass structures. For these we regard the latter part of February as being ample time to sow the seed, so that they may be planted out at the end of March. Hundreds of thousands of tomato plants are put out in these structures weeks before they can by any possibility start kindly into growth. The result is that the plants become so enervated that, when the good weather does come, it takes them several weeks to recover sufficiently to start growing again. If these plants are examined it will be found that the first roots have either died or are quiescent, and that the plants have had to put forth new growth from the collar of the plant above before any real start was made. The same holds good for all plants that are put out in houses that are insufficiently heated, or in cases where the grower cannot find the capital to invest in fuel. Better by far to have patience and wait a few weeks than plant out and spoil the crop. We question greatly the wisdom, in our fickle climate, of the erection of unheated glasshouses at all, except, perhaps, in the case of those for

MR. M. MARLEY'S BULLDOG CHAMPION,
FELTON DUCHESS,
WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE AT CRUFT'S SHOW.

the growing of late peaches and nectarines which do not require artificial heat; even in these it will always make things safe to have an emergency pipe or two fitted. Good crops can be had in unheated houses, but all things are much safer when heat can be applied in the early season, during times of sunless weather, and in late autumn for ripening up.

Keeping Eggs for Incubation.

The longest time that eggs may with safety be kept ere they are set depends upon whether natural or artificial means are to be employed in the hatching process. If the former, the eggs may be kept three weeks or a month; but with an incubator the sooner they are set after being laid the better, although if they are well stored for three or four weeks they will give good results. We have heard of cases, from thoroughly reliable sources, where eggs have been kept for two years, put under hens, and chickens have been reared from them; but for all practical purposes a month is quite long enough. Place the eggs in a dry

MR. R. LEADBETTER'S MASTIFF,
CZAR PETER,
CHAMPION DOG AT CRUFT'S SHOW.

cupboard, or on a shelf, where the temperature does not fall below 40 deg. or rise above 60 deg. They may be stored in an ordinary rack made of shelves, with holes as large as an egg; in a box covered with bran; in a basket placed anyhow; and in a wooden frame laid on their sides. No matter how placed, turn them gently twice or thrice a week, and they will give good results. If you have only a few hens, add the eggs daily until you have the requisite number.

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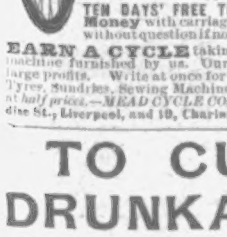

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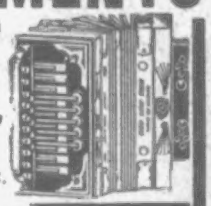

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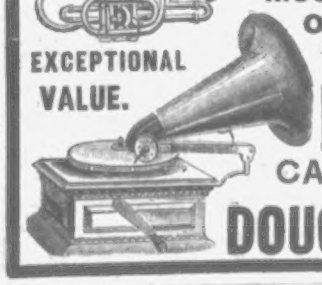

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